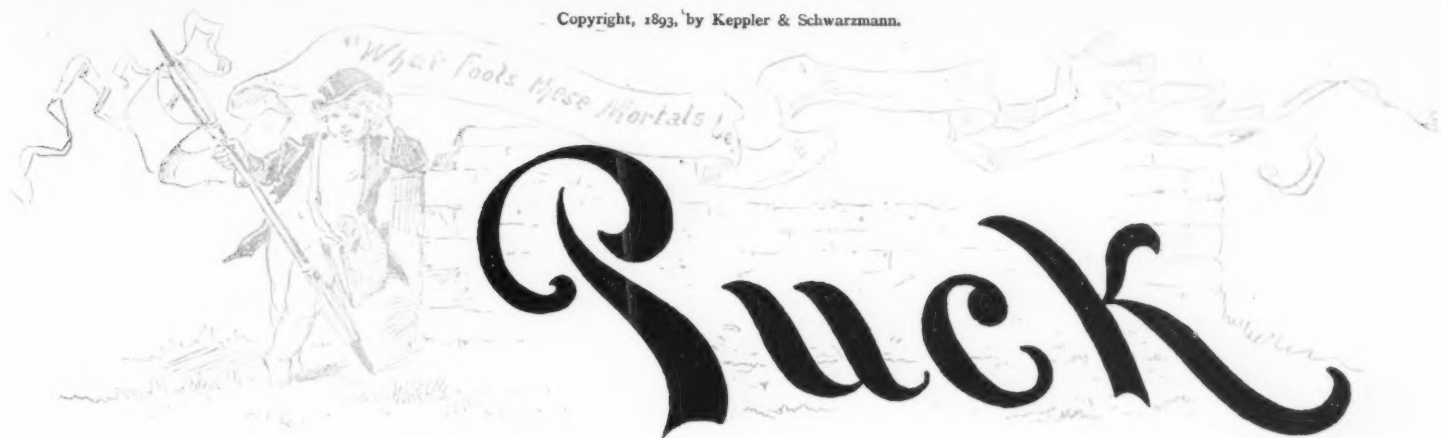


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A BAD OUTLOOK FOR HIM.

"Dere ain't no more show for me, since dem two big policemen come on de beat!"



PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

AS TO MUNICIPAL REFORM.

THE NEW YORKER who has the welfare of his city at heart is kept pretty busy these days in talking over the different reform-measures that are being pushed by a few of his energetic fellow-citizens. We have already had our say about the movement to purify New York's politics. Just now we want to say a few words to the men who are interestedly watching a minister of the gospel try to purify New York's police force. We believe the problem has not been stated with sufficient clearness by the daily press; in fact, we believe its most important aspect has been wholly ignored. We believe, further, that we can state it briefly and clearly. In doing so we shall convict the Average Citizen of a most grievous inconsistency — and of worse. There are two counts in the indictment.

There is an excise law demanding the closing of all saloons on Sunday. *This is good evidence that the general sentiment of the community demands such a law.* This law, however, is flagrantly and universally violated every Sunday in the year. From the Battery to Harlem there are but few saloons that are not open all day Sunday, unless they are in neighborhoods where there is so little Sunday trade as to make Sunday opening unprofitable. The front-doors of these saloons are invariably closed and the curtains are drawn. You, Average Citizen, if you want a drink on Sunday, must enter the saloon through the side-door. If you don't happen to locate it readily, just ask the nearest policeman, and he will gladly oblige you by pointing it out. Now, Average Citizen, the fact that so many of you go through that door every Sunday, and the fact that many of these saloons do a better business on Sunday than on any week day, *is conclusive proof that the general sentiment of the community demands the right to violate that law.* There is inconsistency number one. You want a law against the open saloon on Sunday; yet, you do not want that law enforced, and you know it will not be enforced. You want the front-door locked and you want the side-door unlocked, in violation of your law. In the case of the larger uptown hotels, you want a white rag hung around the bar so as to screen the bartender while he mixes your cocktail. In a few cases you are satisfied if the proprietor simply covers the mirror back of his bar with the same white rag. Now, is it not true that in the most inconsistent way, you are rubbing salve on your conscience? We could

overlook simple inconsistency; but, in this same inconsistency, are you not a party to a more serious wrong-doing? Are you not inciting bribery? Every police captain knows you do not want the Sunday-closing law enforced; yet, he knows if he does enforce it now and then you can not object. So, you leave it open to him to demand from every saloon-keeper in his precinct a certain sum of money each month for the privilege of violating that law. He does demand and get it in many cases, and he will continue to do it so long as you maintain your present attitude. You must either get the community — and you are a part of it — to actually discountenance Sunday opening; or, you must wipe out the law.

And now, Average Citizen, after you have the above points clearly in your mind, we ask you to consider the crusade of Dr. Parkhurst in the light they give you. As PUCK is a family paper, we prefer to rely upon the strength of the analogy, rather than enter into a detailed comparison. Just look carefully over the field of Dr. Parkhurst's operations, and ask yourself what is at the bottom of the very grave evil he is fighting so unscientifically. Is it the inconsistency of Society in wanting laws which it knows never have been and can not be enforced; or, is it not? Does not Society, in its present attitude, extend a most alluring invitation to every police captain in the city to fill his pockets with bribe money? And is it surprising that they not infrequently yield to so pressing an invitation? It should not be, so long as police captains are human beings, and so long as the multiplication table retains its present attractive symmetry.

AS TO SOCIETY AND ANARCHY.

Things must be very serious when a London daily paper is driven to the use of plain English. The rule in London editorial rooms is that the leader or editorial article on any topic of importance, shall be not less than a column and some inches more in length. This may seem incredible, but it is a fact, and the effect is to make the London newspaper editorials the most diffuse, verbose and unwieldy pieces of literature that ever were constructed since man began to write. Therefore, it means something when The London *Daily News*, in commenting on the anarchist outrage in Paris, says: "We can hardly doubt now that the civilized world has determined that something must be done." This is a remarkably terse statement of the case for an English journal as deeply mildewed as The London *Daily News*; and it is a remarkable testimony to the peculiar atrocity and iniquity of the crime that has been committed in the name of Anarchy. For that crime the perpetrators of anarchistic doctrines must be held responsible, one and all, on this side of the water, or on the other, wherever they have exercised their pernicious energies, wherever they have misled or misguided their fellow-men. They may say that their theories do not necessarily lead to any such atrocities. That they have led to them is enough for the people who stand in danger of a repetition of such an occurrence. It is time, indeed, that something should be done by Society for its own protection against the Anarchist, and that thing is to make him understand that once he begins to preach his doctrines of lawlessness he begins to commit the crime of inciting to murder and violence; and that the man who preaches the doctrine of overthrowing the laws of the people is as dangerous, morally, as the brute who actually throws the dynamite bomb.

SONNET.



AN OLD MAN went into a library
And saw the books in many a dusty row;
And yet which one to take he did not know —
The novel of the land or of the sea.
"Macaulay I have read, and Gibbon," he
Murmured, "and poetry I can not go.
All books of travel weary me, and so,
In grim despair, I murmur, oh dear me!
Alas, I do not care for William Black,
And Kipling pains me to the very core;

On E. P. Roe I'll never try my luck."
Against a cushion then he placed his back,
And said, while glad smiles spread his features o'er:
"I think I'll try the jolly CHRISTMAS PUCK."

"WHAT POINT in the course had your son reached when he left college?"
"The flying wedge."

Puck's Annual Apology.

AN OUTWORN apology is a lame thing. An apology comes into the world, at the best, with a limp; but the apology that has more than served its turn and has done duty three or four times is the sort of apology that stands in need of an apology for itself. With this brief and frank introduction, we introduce a time-worn apology for some delays, (as vexatious to us as to the dealers who have suffered from them,) in supplying the X-MAS PUCK to purchasers. It is an old thing, but a true thing, that every year since we began the publication of the X-MAS PUCK, we have made a better paper than we made the year before, and one that the people liked better. So, after all, we are a little proud of our whiskered apology, and glad to be able to say that there will be no further delays this year, and that we are able now to meet further demands.



IT IS A MIGHTY LITTLE MOUSE, HOWEVER
MUCH YOU MAGNIFY IT.



DISCOURAGING.

MISS CURTLY. — Ah, Miss Dewnose! we were speaking of you at our five o'clock tea yesterday!
MISS DEWNOSSE. — Oh, dear! — and I've tried so hard to be respectable!

A GREAT WORKER.



RE EITHER knew, the moment came —
And, quick replying,
Each to the other's fond embrace
Went flying.

Thus, to their great surprise, they found
Themselves committed
Before the pact was drawn up as
Befitted.

"Can it be true?" they said. "How should
The very merest
Of accidents bring this about,
My dearest?"

Love heard and laughed, his eyes on them
Benignant gleaming.
"I work," said he, "while other folks
Are dreaming."

COMPETENT.

PENN INKLEY. — I think I shall try my hand at magazine poetry.

FABER. — Do you think you are capable? You know magazines require something more than rhyme.

PENN INKLEY (*enthusiastically*). — Capable! Why, it's just in my line! I've been running the Puzzle Department of our paper for years!

TOUCHED HIS HEART.

CITIZEN. — That big Chinaman got drunk and knocked down a policeman. Why is n't he arrested?

OFFICER. — Sure, now, give th' poor haythen a chance whin he's thryin' so har-rud to become Amerikinized.

HE DESERVES IT.

After Deacon Smithers had finished his call on the pastor, the latter's little daughter said:

"Papa, did n't the deacon say he did n't believe in Santa Claus?"

"That's what he said, love."

"Then, Papa, won't we have to try him for heresy?"

A DIFFICULT ORDER.

LITTLE GIRL. — Say, Mister, kin I git these gloves dyed white? I'm out er mournin' fur me brudder, now, an' I wants ter go to a party ter-morrer night.

A REASON.

"It's a 'love' of a bonnet,"
The gay poet sings
In a spirited sonnet,
"Because it has wings."



AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE.

NEIGHBOR (*rushing in*). — Quick, man! Your house is on fire, — but you may be able to save it yet!

SUBURBAN RESIDENT. — Let her burn! — it'll be the first time this house has been warm since I've lived in it.



II. FASHIONS IN THE FOG.

HAVE YOU SEEN, have you analyzed, have you studied, have you practiced the latest London hand-shake?

You remember its predecessor, that for several years tempted sane people to deeds of violence. The hand was held, fingers down, in front of, or a little above, the exact middle of the chest. From thence it was jabbed up and down in the socket formed by the other weak minded person's hand, with a motion something like the working of an ice-pick.



It is a totally different operation now. This year, when two of Mr. MacAllister's apes encounter each other on the street, the ape who is going to do the active part of the hand-shaking will move forward with his hand held, knuckles down and thumb up, exactly over the pit of his stomach. The passive ape's hand will meet his in a corresponding position, and then ape No. 1 will give the passive hand from a quarter to a half turn, according to the depth and intensity of his feelings. The proceeding is just like turning the knob of a door, and as the operator does it, he advances the right foot, draws the left up to it, exactly as in the polka step, thereby straightening his body and bringing his face close up to the other simian's. He should look very much as if he were going to kiss him, but should maintain a rather too fish-like expression for that. The two then glare blankly at each other for two seconds and an eighth, and the release is effected simply by letting go of the knob and backing. Both orang-outangs should then say "Ah!" in a softly expulsive way — step on a hollow rubber doll and get the idea. This completes the breakaway.

When you want amusement of a mildly irritating nature, you can take in Fifth Avenue of a pleasant Sunday and see MacAllister's marmosets doing very good imitations of this sort of thing. But please remember that the police won't let you kill them.

From these, of course, you expect monkey-tricks. What else are they monkeys for? We, in New York, are accustomed to looking at the agile Four Hundred for a circus that is often much more amusing, though less dignified, than the Barnum & Bailey concern. But do you suppose that over there in the fog, and on the other side of the Atlantic, that hand-shake is only for the exclusive use of that Paresis Club known as the Prince of Wales's Set? If you do, you are very much mistaken. You will find it pervading all classes and conditions of society, from the butcher's boy to the blooded Earl. No doubt at this very moment in White-chapel and Canningtown, Mr. 'Enery 'Awkins, the costermonger, is practising that inane gyration with his wife, casually beating her now and then when he feels the need of a rest. The serious and solemn businessman who never lets a joke get into his bald cranium or out between his mutton-chop whiskers — he does it too. His beefy wife does it. In fact the thing permeates the whole social system. The Englishman or Englishwoman who did not know and practice it would lose caste as quickly as — well, as quickly as anything can be accomplished in England.

Perhaps you think that somebody will be found to laugh at it, or even to revolt against the absurd affectation. Not a bit of it. They will all accept it as a religious duty — religious duty, indeed! — there are thousands of them who will not go to church, but they will all get that handshake down fine.

And they are right; they are entirely right. It is a serious matter to them. We, in America, laugh at such whimsies and leave them to our ultra-fashionable idlers. But then they mean nothing to us — they are of



no conceivable importance in lives that are filled to the full with purpose and energy in working, in learning, or in having a good time. We can not for a moment realize the awful, cruel, unbroken vacuity and boredom of the Englishman's existence.

But we can form some remote intellectual appreciation of it. Remember that the Englishman hates, despises and is ashamed of work. Of course you understand that I am speaking of work as work. If he can make believe that his work is play, and that he is doing it just for fun, he will work as hard and as readily as anyone else, but when he has to earn his living by the sweat of his brow, he is dreadfully ashamed of it. Whatever he may tell you about it, he feels that his work degrades and humiliates him — and this frequently induces him to do it as badly as he can — like, for instance, the editorial writers on the *New York Tribune*.

Now, to take the love of work out of a man's spiritual life is like ripping the entire muscular system out of his body. And when you add to this that the Englishman has but a rudimentary taste for amusement, or rather, capacity for being amused, you don't leave the poor devil much of a chance to fall in love with life.

That's what I admire in an Englishman. The more you can't see why he should want to live, or why anybody else should want him to live, the more he keeps on living. And the way he does it, is simply to lay out a programme of things that he sets himself to do; just exactly as tasks are invented for convicts, so that they shan't go crazy.

You must admire the resolution and constancy with which he goes at it, even if you can't particularly sympathize with his ultimate aim. A part of this programme is to vary his manners, like his dress, from year to year.

Some people think that English manners are made out of scrap-iron by inexperienced blacksmiths, but they are wrong. The tailors make them. So every man in the West End of London got a new hand-shake with his new clothes this year.

The new clothes are quite as queer as the hand-shake. They consist, in part, of a silk hat of an offensive and discourteous design, and a huge frock-coat, the skirts of which dangle below the knee and the lapels of which begin two inches below the trousers-pockets. This coat must be worn open and flapping. To button it would be as criminal an act as it would have been to wear a frock coat open, five years ago. The wearer must lean forward, gazing earnestly, but unintelligently, at the pavement eleven feet ahead of him, and must walk with a rapid plunging motion, as if he were highly intoxicated on a side-hill. As

you read this, hundreds of thousands of men attired exactly thus are plunging exactly thus, backward and forward through the dim and dusky London streets — not going anywhere in particular, but just showing each other that they know what is what this year. And if two who know each other meet — and of course while they pretend to look at the pavement,



they really are looking out where they go, or they would hurt themselves — the one who awakes to the situation first will charge on the other with his hand in a letter C, straight in front of the pit of his stomach, give him the door-knob twist, pull himself up straight and glare blankly, three seconds for noblemen, two for the gentry and one for people in trade, and then fetch loose with an "Ah!" that sounds as if it came out of a leaky popgun.

Don't blame them! Don't laugh at them! They are English, and it is the courage and constancy of their race that make them do it to keep their minds from dwelling on their temptations to suicide.

POST-NATAL INFLUENCES.

PRIMUS.—The moment one meets Miss Nixon one can see that she is an only child.

SECUNDUS.—Yes; and that her parents wanted a boy.

ELECTRICAL FORECAST.

While the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return; —
But if the trolley choose to balk,
'T is ten to one he has to walk.



AN AGGRAVATING BALANCE.

FIRST LADY MANAGER OF CHARITY BALL.—Why, here 's twenty-five dollars after paying all expenses!

SECOND LADY MANAGER OF CHARITY BALL. (*impatiently*).—Did n't I tell you we might put another ice on the menu as well as not?

WORTH THE RISK.

FAIR HOMESSEEKER.—I like the appearance of that house; but I would n't live in it for the world. People say it 's haunted, and i am dreadfully nervous.

AGENT (*craftily*).—Yes, Ma'am; they say that ghosts come out of every one of the thirty-two closets.

FAIR HOMESSEEKER (*setting her teeth hard*).—I 'll take it!

HOPE DEFERRED.

CLEVERTON.—When do you expect to be married, old man?

DASHAWAY (*gloomily*).—I don't know.

CLEVERTON.—Why, has n't she set the day?

DASHAWAY.—The day? Why, she has n't set the year yet!

WITH THE average woman, one negative makes an affirmative.

IF INFECTIOUS diseases were ideas instead of realities, some men would never catch them.



SEASONED.

MRS. BRADY.—Oi don't know phat 's th' matter wid it. Th' mon as sold it tould me it was made ov seasoned lumber.

BRADY (*in disgust*).—Seasoned, is it? Well, the lumber must hov been seasoned in th' Fall, thin, fer th' leaves are all droppin' ahf.

THEY ARE NEEDED.

HAMLET.—Why is it, Simon, that they always have blood-hounds in an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" show?

SIMON LEGREE.—To find the manager on salary days, my boy.

WOMAN'S GUILF.

MRS. HICKS.—I told you Mrs. Dix was envious of our new dining-room furniture, and you did n't believe it.

HICKS.—Has she been here and told you so?

MRS. HICKS.—No; but she sent over a box of boy's tools to-day to Dick.

A SEASONABLE OPPORTUNITY.

The Winter season's first snow-fall
Now on the pavement sloshes,
And gives the Chappie chance to call
His overshoes "galoshes."

R. L. M.



A NATURAL SEQUENCE.

PHRENOLOGIST.—You have been married some years?

PATIENT (*in surprise*).—By George! That 's true. How could you tell?

PHRENOLOGIST.—Your bump of Hope is a dent.

OUT OF HER ELEMENT.



HE TAKES a snowball in her hand,
And makes me stand before her;
And I comply with her command,
Because I quite adore her.

She loves me, though 't is her
delight
Against such odds to pit me;
For while she throws with all
her might,
She knows she can not hit me.
C.C.

A DANGEROUS MAN.

VISITOR (*in insane asylum*). — How long have you been inside?

INMATE. — Ever since the people on the outside found out I knew they were crazy.

IT OFTEN WORKS THAT WAY.

MRS. WAYBACK. — Young Jim Junkett don't seem to amount to much since he left college.

MR. WAYBACK. — No; you see his college education made him too smart to work and not smart enough to get along without work.



THE LATEST HARLEM IMPROVEMENT.

MR. ARLEM TRAINERS (*welcoming a newly-arrived guest*). — Great scheme; is n't it, old man? Does away with chairs; and then it makes us Harlemites feel so much at home, you know!



A MAN OF TASTE.

FRAYED FAGIN (*as HOUSEWIFE gives him a pair of russet shoes*). — Now, where's the derby hat and sack coat?

HOUSEWIFE (*in surprise*). — Derby hat and sack coat! These shoes are all I've got, and all you'll get.

FRAYED FAGIN (*throwing shoes down in disgust*). — Want me to wear russet shoes with a high hat and Prince Albert coat? No, Madam! If you were raised in Brooklyn, you need n't think I was.

FOR THE TIME BEING.

"There is a period in a woman's life when she thinks of nothing but dress."

"What period is that?"

"From the cradle to the grave."

NECESSARY FOR SAILING.

CHARLEY STASAL. — I wish that we might sail forever down the stream of life.

MINNIE CLIPPER. — So we can — if you will raise the wind.

IN THE CURIO HALL.

BROMLEY. — The face of that Circassian man looks strangely familiar. Have n't I seen him before?

TOMLEY. — Why, certainly! Did n't you know? That's Charley Hardface, who played on the Yale foot-ball team last season. His father failed, and the thought of having to work for a living turned Charley's hair white. He's had this Circassian job ever since.

A REMEDY.

YOUNGWED. — I suffer awfully from cold feet at nights.

OLDWED. — Why don't you do as I do? Make your wife wear woolen slippers to bed.

WHO HAS NOT BEEN CAUGHT?



WIFE. — Oh, George! I have forgotten my gloves, and I can't get the drawer open.



HUSBAND (*irritably*). — If you women would only make a little effort when you attempt anything you would succeed oftener than you do. You need n't laugh; it has got to come!



There!!!

SUPPRESSED.



HE WAS a sturdy patriot,
And he wore a big sombrero;
And he carried a wicked knife, and lived
In Rio de Janeiro.

He did n't neglect his regular work—
You could n't say that about him;
But no revolution could be said
To be complete without him.

Whenever his daily toil was o'er
He'd be plunged in deep dejection,
Unless he happened to have a date
To attend an insurrection.

But he married a beautiful dark-eyed girl,
A flower of the Equator,
And she kicked whenever he did n't get home
Until half-past two, or later.

Now, when the "vivas" rend the skies
At midnight, he's grim and surly,
For he can't take in any *coup d'état*
Unless it finishes early.

So he's retired from public life,
And he grieves that his country may be
Lost for the want of his trusty sword
While he walks the floor with the baby.
W. M.



THE REASON.

NURSE GIRL.—I lost track of ther child, Mum; and—
MISTRESS.—Good Heavens! Why did n't you speak to
a policeman?
NURSE GIRL.—I was speaking to wan all dthe toime, Mum.

IMPROVE THE SHINING HOUR.

JUNIOR PARTNER.—I don't see that the new tariff will hurt us.
SENIOR PARTNER.—Perhaps not. But if any reporter calls, you
might as well denounce it at length. This concern wants all the adver-
tising it can get.

UNAFFECTED.

PIKE.—There's one industry the new tariff can't crush.
DYKE.—Which one?
PIKE.—The tin mines. They'll produce just as much tin as ever
they did.

THE TIMES are only hard when they hit the rich.

EDITOR.—There is a movement on foot to erect a monument to Mr.
McLaughlin in Brooklyn.
SPACERYT.—But he is n't dead.
EDITOR.—Of course not; but the people over there feel like doing
something to encourage him.



RIALTO PERSIFLAGE.

DEJECTED ACTOR.—I've got over working for glory. What
I'm after now is bread.
LESS DEJECTED DITTO.—Trying to make a ham-sandwich of
yourself?

A NATURAL INCLINATION.

Of course very kindly on Christmas you'll greet her,
The maiden you love more than you avow;
With a calm, grave obeisance you may try to meet her,
But you're going to give her a mistletoe-bough.



HIS DISPOSITION.

WIFE (sweetly).—And what shall I get my dearie for a Christ-
mas present this year?
HUSBAND (grimly).—Oh, some small, cheap trifle.
WIFE.—Oh! You are awfully modest, are n't you?
HUSBAND.—No. Awfully poor!



ONE AFTER THE OTHER — LET THE GOOD WORK GO ON!

E. P. R.

PUCK.



THE OLD FOLK'S CHRISTMAS TREE.



BY H. C. BUNNER.



IT WAS the neatest little white house that ever wore green blinds. And the two dear old ladies who lived in it were so neat and nice and prim and proper and correct in everything they said or thought or did that you never would have expected them to do anything unconventional. But they did, once.

The house stood in a little New England town that had drained out old, to put it the best way one can. That is, all the young life had gone out of it. As soon as a young man in Fitchington was able to get out of the town and set up for himself somewhere else he did so. And it followed upon that, of course, that the young girl of Fitchington either married "out of the town" or did not marry at all, and grew on and on until she became an old girl. For Fitchington had practically died long ago, with its old-fashioned industry of making cotton rope; and so it happened that the population of Fitchington had drained out all its youth until Abner Simcox, aged fifty-three, was the youngest man within its limits, and he was talking of moving somewhere where a young fellow could have a show for himself.

Now, this is the way Miss Lavinia told the story to me:

"You see, it came about in this way, and 't was reel curious. Me and Phoebe was sittin' here one night, both of us, a-sewin' on my old black silk I was makin' over. We got to talkin', how the town was kinder run down and there wa'n't no more spelling bees nor sociables nor merry-makin's like we used to had. And talkin' of merry-makin's brought us back to reel old times, and Phoebe says to me, she says, 'Do you remember the first Christmas tree ever was in this town,' she says, 'down to Obed Hitchcock's? Don't you remember,' says she, 'first people thought it was a kinder Papist institution from New York, and then every one went just to see what it was like, and they all had such a good time?' 'That 's so,' I said; 'I remember every bit of it, now you speak of it.'

"And then it come to me just like a flash. 'Phoebe,' said I, 'let 's have a Christmas tree!' 'Why, the Lands' Sakes! Lavinia,' says she; 'be you goin' out of your mind? There ain't a child in this town, and you know it,' says she. 'Phoebe,' says I, 'I wa'n't talkin' about children. I was talkin' about a Christmas tree for grown-ups.'

"Why, My Land! Lavinia,' says she. "Well, it did seem sort of curious just at first, but the more we come to talk about it, the more it seemed reel reasonable. In the first place there wa'n't no other kind of entertainment, and we did n't feel when we come to consider it, that there was any other kind which two single women, livin' alone as we be, reelly ought to give at our time of life. If we 'd had a man about the house may be we could have worked the magic lantern my brother Hiram left when he died, but it 's reel kerosiny when it gets het up, so there wa'n't no use thinkin' of that.

"Anyway, we done it. I suppose you 'll think we two old fools was pretty nearly in our second childhood; but we done it, and I declare I never have been the least mite sorry.

"First thing, we had to keep it secret, and that wa'n't no easy matter. But, My! it 's a wonder what you can do when you put yourself to it. Sis' Phoebe and me we just went out one night when it was so dark you could n't see a thing; and cut the tree out of that clump of evergreens down at the bottom of the yard. There 's an awful lot of them there, and it wa'n't no great of a tree, anyway, and you would n't have thought anybody 'd have noticed that it was gone, would you? Well, do you know, Mis' Perkins, the next day, she come lookin' over the back fence, and says she to me: 'cuttin' down trees, be ye? I had n't observed no men about your yard,' said she. And says I to her, 'Mis' Perkins,' says I, 'folks don't get no long sighteder as they get old,' said I. That sent her off reel mad; but, do you know, it give me quite a turn to come so near to havin' folks find out.

"Well, it was the longest time we had gettin' it set up, for it did seem

everlastin' big when we got it in the house; but we made some sort of a job of it, somehow or other, and then we sot up 'till most a quarter past ten a-dressin' it up with the things we got ready. We had to go down to Canaan to get some of the things—the candles and them shiny little contraptions that holds them on. I was most ashamed to be seen buyin' such things at my age, and I was so dretful afraid some of the Fitchington folks would come in while I was into the store that I was right down nervous, and shook like I had the ager. And I had n't no more an' got out of the store when I met Mis' Perkins. I guess she seen me shakin', for she says to me, 'Mis' Tarbox,' says she, 'did n't your father have kinder a palsy before he died?' 'Mis' Perkins,' says I, 'if you 'll go up to the cem'try,' says I, 'you can read what my father died of, on the tombstun at the head of his grave,' said I. I guess that riled her some, for there ain't never been no tombstun on Si Perkins's grave, only one of them wooden things. She says it 's temp'ry; but it 's been temp'ry these 'leven years, if it ain't rotted by this time.

"Well, when we give the invites out I don't believe there 'd been so much talk in Fitchington since Obed Thayer's cow et the rag carpet. Sis' Phoebe she just went round and bid folks. She did n't say nothin' of what it was for, but acted just as if it was ordinary company. I s'pose folks did n't know what to think.

"But they all come, you may be sure of that, they all come; and Sis' Phoebe and I we received them into the parlor; and when they was all in, Sis' Phoebe says, 'Excuse me,' says she, and went into the dining-room, just like as if she was goin' to see if tea was ready. But what she went for was to light the candles. I could n't a-done it. I was tremblin' that hard I jest had to set and hold my hands in my lap. My! but I was fearful excited. And then Sis' Phoebe opened the dining-room door, and they all see the tree.

"My Gracious Lands' Sakes! but I never felt so in my life. For most a minit it seemed like as if the world stood still. And then Abner Simcox, he throws up his hands and says, 'I 'clare to goodness,' says he, 'if that ain't reel ingenious,' says he. 'Mis' Perkins was tellin' me about that tree,' says he, 'but I did n't never think you 'd have made no such a thing as *that* out of it.' Well, do you know, I could most have hugged that man! For, you see, I did n't know just how they would take it; but when they see Abner so pleased they all kinder come in with him, and Mis' Perkins, she said herself, it was reel pretty.

"But,' says she, 'Mis' Tarbox,' says she, 'I 'll have to call you a reel extravagant entertainer.'

"Don't you say that, Mis' Perkins,' says I. 'If you say that now, what will you say when you seen Sis' Phoebe's cake?'

"Mis' Perkins did n't say nothin' to that. She can't make reel good cake, and she knows it. If I 'd a-wanted to be mean I 'd a-told her the cake was frosted, too, right before comp'ny. But she found that out soon enough.

"Well, then we took the presents off the tree, and give them all round. There was pop-corn in little bags for the ladies, and little toys like the children play with for the gentlemen. I asked the man in the



shop if he did n't think it might seem a-kinder queer for Phœbe and me to do such a thing, but he said no; he guess folks would just a-kinder laugh and think it was sort of amusin'. And they did. They was just as pleased! Abner Simcox he got a little pop-gun, and he went around popping it at folks just like he was ten years old. Obed Thayer, he got

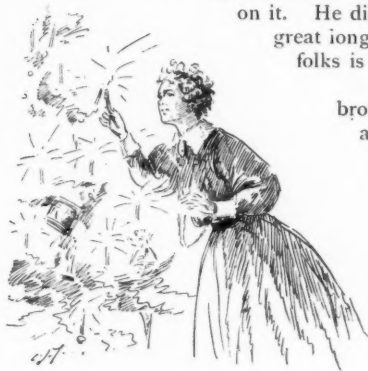
a little trumpet about so long, and you 'd ought to have heard that old man goin' around tryin' to play toons on it. He did look most too ridiculous, with his

great long, white beard; but, My Sakes! when folks is enjoyin' them selves, do let 'm be!

"And then, Alvin Thayer, Obed's brother, got a little red wheelbarrow about as big as a match-box, and he went right up to Mis' Alviny Hotchkiss with it—you know she weighs most two hundred pounds—and says he, 'Mis' Hotchkiss,'

says he, 'let me give you a ride.' Then she got kind of red in the face; and first off I was some frightened for fear she was goin' to get offended; but she kinder thought better of it, and she says to him, just as

quick as *that*, 'Alvin Thayer,' says she, 'this ain't the first time you've asked me to ride in your wagon, and I guess I'll have to say yes, since you're so persistent.' And then it was Abner's turn to color up red. Everybody knowed they 'd been keepin' company for most five years, but nobody 'd ever expected the shoe was on *that* foot. But so 't was; and, do



you know, it was give out next Sunday that they were going to be married in Ap'l! And I often tell Sis' Phoebe that it never would n't a-happened so if it had n't been for our Old Folks' Christmas tree.

"Anyhow, the folks all said they 'd had a reel good time, and they et up every mite of Sis' Phoebe's cake. And I shall always believe to my dying day that Mis' Perkins carried a slice of it home in her pocket."

But it troubled Miss Lavinia's sensitive conscience to make this grave accusation. Her brow clouded for a moment, and then cleared up as she said:

"Anyhow, there was *one* slice that wa'n't never accounted for; that I will say!"

RAN TOO FAST.

EXAMINER.—You want a pension, you say, yet you don't appear to have been wounded, or to have lost a limb.

APPLICANT.—I lost my breath at the battle of Bull Run.

ALWAYS HIT IT.

BLOOBUMPER.—This barometer of mine is the most accurate instrument of its kind I ever saw.

SPATTS.—Indeed?

BLOOBUMPER.—Yes; it is always pointing to "Change."

THOUGH CONSISTENCY 's a very precious jewel,

It is not consistent for the clerk to fling

Down his eight weeks' pay to purchase for some cruel

Little jilt a lovely, sparkling diamond ring.



HEROIC TREATMENT.

SERVANT.—Mrs. Youngwife wants you to send up five gallons of mustard, right away.

STOREKEEPER.—What is she going to use so much mustard for?

SERVANT.—The baby is sick, and the doctor ordered a mustard bath for it.

THE WORLD MOVES.

EDITOR.—Mr. Coigns, how many fortune-tellers' ads. have we to-night?

FOREMAN.—Two-thirds of a column, sir.

EDITOR.—Has the astrology expert turned in his stuff?

FOREMAN.—Yes, sir; about three columns of horoscopes.

EDITOR.—Very good; run the story about "Ghosts in Mott Haven" with a spread head, and I'll soon send in an editorial on "The Press as an Agency for the Banishment of Superstition."

ABOUT EVEN.

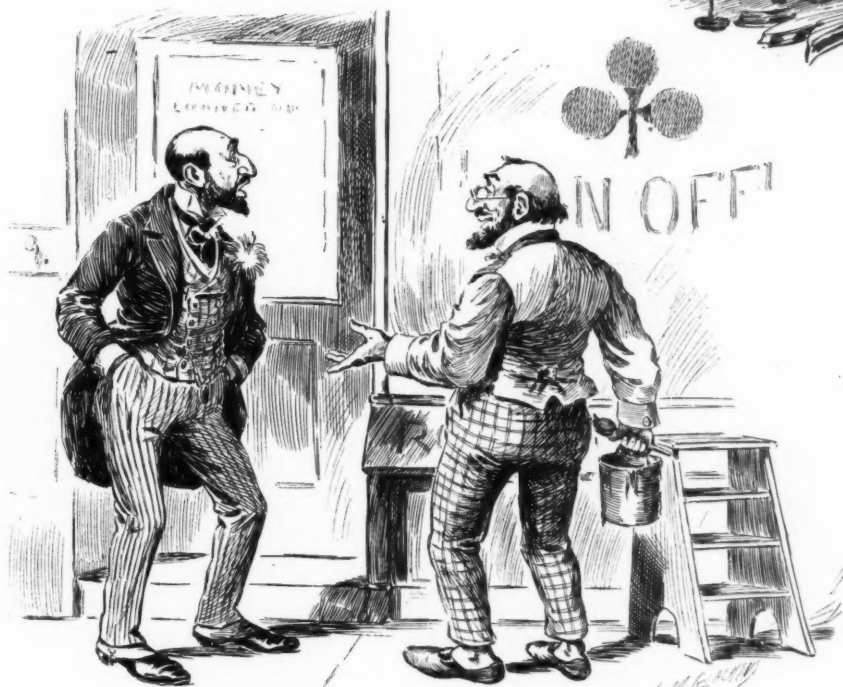
BAGLEY.—Are you square with the landlady yet?

BRACE.—Pretty nearly, I guess; I have n't paid her a cent in two months.

A SIXTH WARD SOLOMON.

YOUNG ROSENSTEIN.—Vat hafe you done by the sign, Fader?

OLD ROSENSTEIN.—I shanged me him into a chamrock, so dey tink we vos Irish, and we 'll get all der drade in der district!



It would be foolish to contend that other Pianos have not very good, excellent features; but every good feature in any Piano is, in a higher development, represented in the

139-155 E. 14th St.,
New York.
367 Wabash Avenue,
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St. Louis.
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For Sale at Park & Tilford's and all Leading Houses.

Grand Central Station in the very center of New York City.

The Hudson River for one hundred and fifty miles.

The beautiful Mohawk Valley, in which are some of the finest landscapes in America.

Niagara Falls, the world's greatest cataract.

The Adirondack Mountains — "the Nation's Pleasure Ground and Sanitarium."

The Empire State Express — fastest train in the world.

The Thousand Islands, the fisherman's paradise.

The New York and Chicago limited — the most luxurious train in the world.

Are a few of the many attractions offered the public by the

NEW YORK CENTRAL
"America's Greatest Railroad."

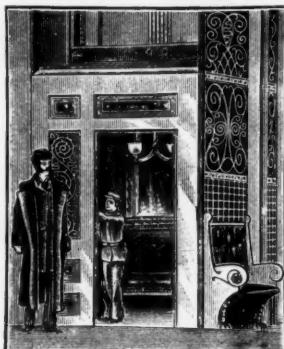
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Good morning
Have you used
PEARS' SOAP?



GRAVE'S ELEVATORS

PASSENGER AND FREIGHT ELEVATORS
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

2500 IN USE NEVER A FALL OR FATAL ACCIDENT HAS OCCURRED

SAFETY SPEED AND ECONOMY COMBINED

NEW YORK 224-94 LIBERTY ST.
BOSTON 53 STATE STREET
DETROIT HODGES BUILDING
ATLANTA 34 INMAN BUILDING

GRAVES ELEVATOR CO.
ROCHESTER, N.Y.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE



LOOKING AHEAD.

ROBERT.—Mama, can I have another piece of pie?

MAMA.—Why do you ask, when you have not eaten all that you have on your plate?

ROBERT.—Well, if I could have another piece I would n't eat the crust of this.

Before breakfast Bromo-Seltzer

Acts as a bracer — Trial bottle 10c.

It has grown up with the country. For 40 years Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champagne has been a household word.



Pamphlet Free.

Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co.

52 to 56 Illinois St.,
CHICAGO.

Branch: 54 Franklin St.,
Office: New York.

**Accountants who use
The Comptometer**

Save time, avoid mistakes and do not ruin their nerves. It is operated by keys, like a typewriter, and performs addition, multiplication, division, interest, etc., etc.

First Nat'l Bank, Brownsville, Texas, writes: "The Comptometer purchased of you has taken the place of one clerk in this office."

Brotherhood Wine Co., New York City, writes: "We would not be without them if they cost twice as much."

McElveen Furniture Co., Ltd., Pittsburgh, Pa., writes: "In all the two years in which we have used it we have never known it to fail."

Brainard Co-Operative Building & Loan Association, Brainard, Minn., writes: "It is of more importance in a business office than a typewriter."

Supt. St. Lawrence State Hospital, Ogdensburg, New York, writes: "We could not get along without it except with the aid of an additional clerk."

Just what you have been looking for.

Unique Pat. Combination Bill Fold and Coin Purse.

Separate places for coin, bills and car tickets, independent of each other; Flexibility; Lightness; No metal parts to get out of order or wear the pocket. Ask your dealer for it, or I will send sample at following prices:

| No. | Material | Price |
|---------|-------------------------------------------------|---------|
| No. 11 | holds \$4.00 in silver, 10 notes & car tickets. | \$0.75 |
| " 16 " | " " " " " " " " | \$1.50 |
| " 18 " | " " " " " " " " | \$2.00 |
| " 19 " | " " " " " " " " | \$2.50 |
| " 20 " | " " " " " " " " | \$3.00 |
| " 21 " | " " " " " " " " | \$3.50 |
| " 22 " | " " " " " " " " | \$4.00 |
| " 23 " | " " " " " " " " | \$4.50 |
| " 24 " | " " " " " " " " | \$5.00 |
| " 25 " | " " " " " " " " | \$5.50 |
| " 26 " | " " " " " " " " | \$6.00 |
| " 27 " | " " " " " " " " | \$6.50 |
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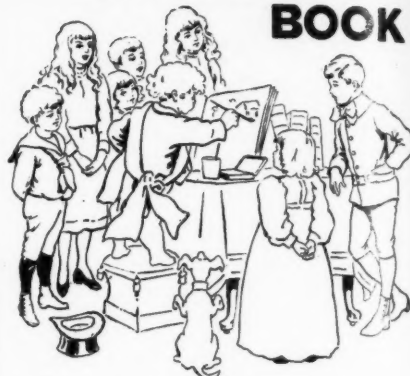
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NO MORE GRAY HAIR

BRUCELINE, the only genuine remedy for restoring gray hair to its natural color; no dye, and harmless. **BRUCE'S HAIR TONIC** cures baldness, strengthens the hair, prevents it from falling out, removes dandruff and diseases of the scalp.

Treatise on the hair sent free on application.

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comes from, and in the fertile grazing fields around it, are reared the cattle which are slaughtered — 1,000 to 2,000 a day — to make this famous product, which is known round the world as the standard for

QUALITY, FLAVOR AND PURITY.

TAR FROM GROVES OF SINGING PINES
With Vegetable Oil AND Glycerine Make

PACKER'S-TAR-SOAP

"A Luxury for Shampooing."

Medical Standard, Chicago.



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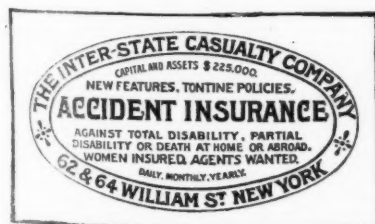
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A Specific against Dyspepsia, and an Appetizer.

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Mr. — — —

I have been invited by

Mr. — — —

to call on you every Wednesday, for fifty-two successive weeks. The invitation is accepted with thanks.

Sincerely Yours,

Puck.

Let X-mas bring good friendly ways,
Good frosty days;
Warm fire on hospitable hearth,
And peace on earth;
Good will to Men, to Women still
More, better, will.
To you, to all, good love, good luck,
Prays PUCK.

Many of our friends have, no doubt, often thought of a year's subscription to PUCK as a suitable X-mas present, but have refrained from giving it, owing to the difficulty of making the presentation. The usual plan has been to present a receipted bill from the publishers; but as this is like putting the price-mark on a present, that plan has never been popular. It remained for Puck to overcome this difficulty. If you desire to present a Subscription to Puck to anybody, send us Five Dollars, and his (or her) name and address, which will be entered in our Subscription book for one year, and receive from us by return of mail a Card designed by C. J. TAYLOR, of which the above gives the design in outline. This card, printed in six colors, is truly a work of art, worthy of a place in an Album, or to be framed, thus being a perpetual reminder of the giver. The names of giver and receiver are printed on the card as indicated.

Now, here is something tangible to give; to send by mail to distant dear ones; to put in the stocking, or to lay under the X-mas tree.

Remember, there is no charge for the Card (which, by the way, comes in a fine envelope), nor for the printing in of the names; our only aim is to show our friends a unique way of making a suitable X-mas present.

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WHAT HE OBJECTED TO.

WAITER (surprised). — Why, this is lobster, sir; and a dish fit for a king!
MR. BARNES (of Kansas). — The silver dish is all right; it's that pesky critter on it I'm kicking at.

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oil is the kind used in the production of Scott's Emulsion — Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda are added for their vital effect upon nerve and brain. No mystery surrounds this formula — the only mystery is how quickly it builds up flesh and brings back strength to the weak of all ages.



Scott's Emulsion

will check Consumption and is indispensable in all wasting diseases.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.



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ALWAYS AN ACCEPTABLE XMAS PRESENT!
A BOX or FANCY BASKET FILLED WITH

Hayler's DELICIOUS

Bonbons and Chocolates

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ORDERS BY MAIL RECEIVE PROMPT AND CAREFUL ATTENTION.

URBANA WINE COMPANY Gold Seal Champagne

For Sale by

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Post Office: Urbana N.Y.

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Were awarded to the makers of

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For various points of excellence, the HIGHEST AWARD ON BICYCLES.

All about RAMBLERS in our fine Catalogue. Free at all Rambler Agencies, or sent direct for two 2-cent stamps.

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO., Chicago, Boston, Washington, New York.

There's no mistaking

WILLIAMS'

and if your Barber is using a cheap—"face-chapping" and "sore-making" substitute—either *he* should change his

Shaving Soap—or *you* should change your Barber.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP feels like soft, cool, delicious cream—when put on the face. It softens the beard—makes it cut easily and quickly—without pulling or stretching the skin. It surpasses all the "lotions" in the world—as a softener and healer of the skin. If you shave yourself—ask your Druggist for WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP—in sticks or tablets and *take no other kind.*

64 Great Russell St., W., London, Eng.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Ct., U. S. A.

YALE MIXTURE

A GENTLEMAN'S SMOKE.

WE COULD NOT IMPROVE THE QUALITY if paid double the price. It is the choicest Smoking Tobacco that experience can produce or that money can buy.

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GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889, AND THE CHICAGO EXPOSITION AWARD.

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CANDY

Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid, east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

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For Polishing Bar Fixtures, Drain Borders, and all Tin, Zinc, Brass, Copper, Kitchen and Plated Utensils: Glass, Wood, Marble, Porcelain, etc. 25c. Lb. Box, at Dealers.

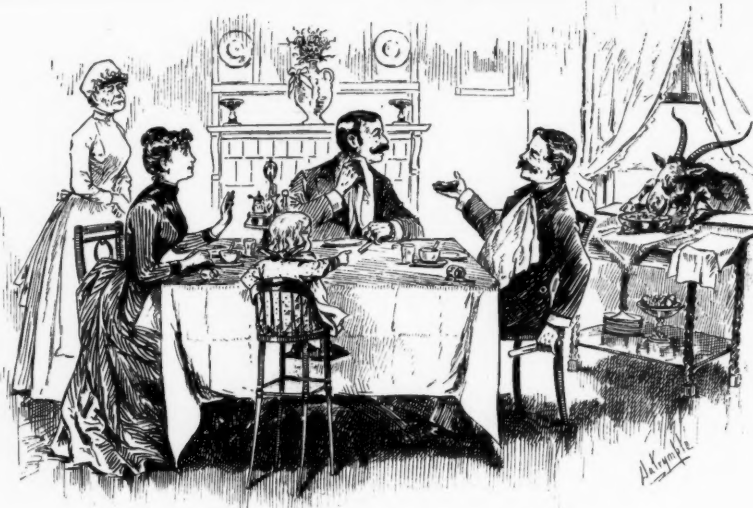
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when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

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MR. TOWNE (the guest, clinching an argument).—And, Lott, my dear boy, the proof of the pudding is the eating it.

LITTLE HOWSON LOTT, JR. (in anguish).—O Mama! Billy's proving it.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

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OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

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When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
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AWARDED THE PRIZE AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Special Dispatch to the *Globe-Democrat*.

WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO, ILL., October 26.

No award has ever been made so gratifying to St. Louis people and so justly merited as the one given to-day by the Columbian jury of the World's Fair, consisting of connoisseurs and chemists of the highest rank, to the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association. By methods of unrivalled business enterprise, and by using the best material produced in America and Europe, excluding corn and other adulterants or surrogates, the different kinds of the Anheuser-Busch beer have become the favorites with the American people, and have now conquered the highest award in every particular, which had to be considered by the Columbian jury. The high character of the award given to-day by the jurors will be better understood when it is known that the different beers exhibited by the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association had to compete with hundreds of the most excellent displays of other brewers. The fact that no other concern has received so many points for the various essential qualities of good beer confirms anew the firm's reputation as the leader of all American beers.

AN EXPERT OPINION.

SATAN.—What do you think of my fire?
DECEASED HIRED GIRL.—Holy smoke! You must have used more than a gallon of kerosene.

THE PROBABLE CAUSE.

"I wonder why the Psalmist got so desperate as to say 'all men are liars!'"
"Probably he had been reading up baking-powder literature."

CARL UPMANN'S BOUQUET CIGAR.



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ITS DISADVANTAGES.
BURLING.—How did Knight become so narrow-minded?
HAME.—By minding his own business.

HIS STRONG POINT.
THE NEW SPECIAL.—Tell me candidly, is there anything original in that manuscript?
THE EDITOR.—Yes; the spelling.



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THE WILD WEST.

She bade him farewell and whispered "Go,"
And she showed no sign of fear.
To part like this, 't is better so;
So her eye kept back the tear, —



Though she knew her lover that day
must pass,
As the guard of the Deadwood mail,
Where the savage Red Man lay in the
grass,
Where the arrows would fall like hail;

Then the fight, the flight, the answer-
ing shot,
The struggle, the race for life —
Yet she saw him go and faltered not;
And she was his promised wife.

For to them both 't was an ev'ryday
thing;
And if you the truth must know,
He was "Cal, The Cow Boy King,"
And she was cook for the show.

Roy L. McCardell.

Starved to Death

in midst of plenty. Unfortunate, unnecessary, yet we hear of it often. Infants thrive physically and mentally when properly fed. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is undoubtedly the safest and best infant food obtainable.

A BENEFACTOR OF MANKIND.

In these days when everybody is racking his or her brains to find suitable and appropriate Christmas presents for their kindred and friends, he who suggests something which at once solves the problem, might be truly called a benefactor of mankind.

Such an article is the artistic "Diaphanities," or colored transparent glass pictures, lately introduced into this country by Messrs. Grimme & Hempel, of 310 Broadway, New York.

To the ladies who wish to decorate their parlors, the gentlemen their libraries, the church committees their chancel windows, the "Diaphanities" afford an opportunity that should be eagerly embraced.

Messrs. Grimme & Hempel will mail, to any address, on receipt of 25 cents, their illustrated catalogue containing about 600 illustrations; or, for \$1.00, their very elaborate colored catalogue, which amount will be refunded in case of a \$10.00 order.

PATIENCE is simply the art of concealing our real irritations.



Our Stock of O'Coatings comprises over 500 styles of Chinchillas, Kerseys, Beavers, Meltons, Castors and Friezes.

At present we are making a large quantity of the Double Breasted Sacks with whole backs, bell skirts — raw edges — strapped seams and Silk Velvet Collar.

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Your great-grandfather used to drink Marie Brizard & Roger Cordials. They were the best then. Outlived all others. For sale everywhere.
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WALTER BAKER & CO., the largest Cocoa and Chocolate Manufacturers on this continent, have carried off the highest honors at the World's Columbian Exposition. They received from the Board of Judges the highest awards (medals and diplomas) on all the articles contained in their exhibit; namely, breakfast cocoa, premium No. 1 chocolate, German sweet chocolate, vanilla chocolate, cocoa butter.

The judges state in their report that these products are characterized by "excellent flavor," "purity of material employed," and "uniform, even composition, indicating great care in point of mechanical preparation."

A copy of Miss Parloa's "Choice Receipts" will be sent free to any housekeeper, on application, by mail or otherwise, to Walter Baker & Co., Dorchester, Mass.

IN FULL VIEW.

A thing of beauty and something to be kept in full view all the time is the Calendar for 1894 issued by the EMERSON DRUG CO., Baltimore, Md., one of the most artistic productions of the season. It is sent out to brighten many a cheery corner, in the interest of this firm's wonderful specific BROMO-SELTZER. It will serve to please the eye and taste while reminding those who suffer that there is no remedy its equal for the cure of headache, nervous disorders or stomachal derangement. It will be sent to any address on the receipt of eight cents in stamps by this company.

THEY NEVER STAY LONGER.

KENDRICK.—How do you pay your servant girls? By the month or by the week?

BUCKTON.—Neither. By the day.

Fatigue and exhaustion overcome by Bromo-Seltzer. Contains no opiate.

Arnold Constable & Co.

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Our new card machine plays poker automatically, is the most perfect, most durable and most beautiful of any machine ever invented. It will earn its weight in gold within a week. Your store is not complete without it. Price, \$25.00.



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Big money is made by renting out or leaving on shares, these machines, with shop-keepers and trades-people. \$100 invested this way will make you \$50 and upwards every week without interfering with your regular occupation, and the investment is absolutely safe.

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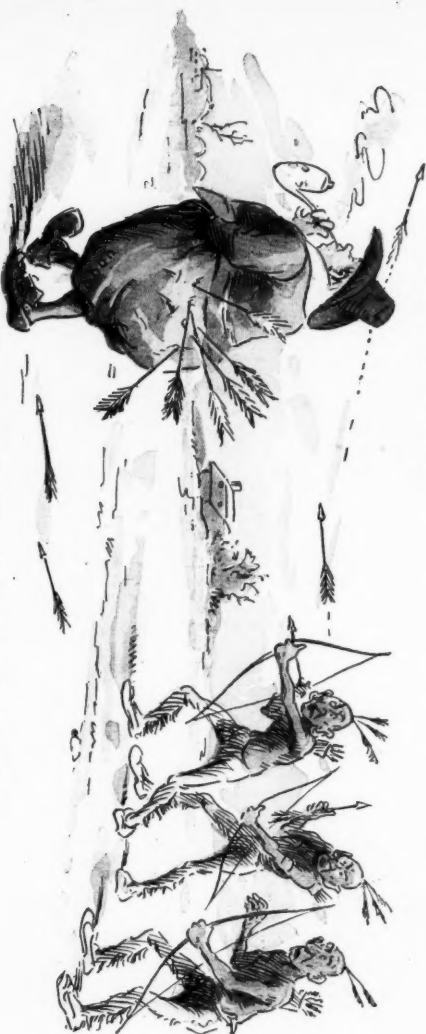
THE HIT OF THE Season: **The Christmas Puck, 1893** 25c. All Dealers.



Mynheer Van Strumpf takes an evening stroll, unaware of the proximity of hostile savages.



The hostile savages proceed to make a target of him.



The hostile savages redouble their efforts, but fail to make any impression upon him whatever.



The hostile savages, thinking that he has a charmed life, flee in superstitious fear.



On reaching home, Mynheer Van Strumpf discovers the peril he has passed through.



After which he takes off his remaining pairs of breeches and retires.

THE THRILLING ESCAPE OF MYNHEER VAN STRUMPF.